Country in Brazil.

A VISIT TO BATALHA.

Planters and Their Families Pass Their

Time-Queer Things to Est-Windowiess

BON JESUS DA LAPA, BRAZIL, 1892.

special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

live but a degree better than the pigs they raise:

and while the former have risen above the prejudices bequeathed to them by

LIFE ON THE KAROO.

assumes the red and brown tints which it wears all the rest of the year. Sometimes there is no spring. At intervals of a few years great droughts occur, when no rain falls. For ten or thirteen months the sky is cloud-less. The Karoo bushes drop their leaves and reader of THE STAR has had more or less dealings with some order of doctors. Your ideas of medicine may run to big doses, little doses or holding hands, but when you get sick you take something. Few of you, though, have been prescribed for by

"I had an experience with a lot of cowboys

goes with it. The god which did the presome years ago that I did not enjoy even a little scribing for this man did not sit in a room bit," said Alfred M. Dirkes, "I had just left

Capable of a Fellow Feeling.

or a Chinaman and eat unsavory-looking messes with chopsticks and play poker with a tenth of a cent ante the procession paused. The friend of the man was a lawyer Bugsby-"Jones, my dear fellow, I have deand be had collided with one of his old clients,

you said you would never marry because wome never appreciate what it is to lose buttons off your clothes," Bugsby-"That is true, but this girl we

AT THE "PHONE."

Mr. Jones is Called to the Telepho His Wife.

roundings and very cheerfully drank tea and



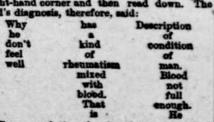
There was a joss here, however, a black jos with reddish whiskers and a sardonic smile There was an attendant also and the attendan could only talk Chinese. He could talk this, though, at a good, steady trot. He smiled cheerfully and gave the man and his friend some tea. The guide then explained the object of the visit in excellent Chinese. At any rate the man takes it for granted that it was excellent - Chinese. The attendant followed in a first man takes in the steady of the st rate the man takes it for granted that it was excellent. Chinese. The attendant followed in a five-minute speech in the same language and then the guide smiled and nodded cheerfully, as much as to say: "We are all right. We have struck the especial deity that can knock rheumatism higher than a kite." The attendant then knelt before the joss and prayed. He prayed vigorously and occasionally rapped his head against the floor, which must have been painful. His interview, however, seemed to have been satisfactory, for he went behind the joss and pulled out a broad drawer, on which was spread a thin layer of white sand. In his hands he held the handles of a wooden instrument, which enged in a peg resting on the sand. A rapt look came over his face and the peg began to move, describing courses and lines all over the white surface.

THE JOSS OF RHEUMATISM

THE UNINTELLIGIBLE PRESCRIPTION.

The Chinese gentleman who had brought the party in smiled more cheerfully than ever and explained, "Goddee lite." After the god had written all over the sand the attendant who had kindly held the pen got out his own writing materials and wrote two wash bills; at least that is what they looked to the man who had never seen any other class of Chinese literature. They were written with a stick on red paper and resembled the tracks of a number of insane flies just after emerging from a bath in an ink well. The guide, however, explained the inscriptions. One, he said, was the description which the joss gave of the trouble with which the man was suffering and the other was a prescription which could be filled at the drug store around the corner. After drinking some more ten with the gentlemanly heathen who had such familiar intercourse with the gods the party adjourned to the drug store. The owner of the drug store was a stout Chinaman, and he and his four clerks were eating dinner in the space in front of the counter. They were all eating out of the same dish, and it was not a pretty dish, either. They all went to work on the prescription consisted of nine different ingredients and made a big bundle. It was with relief that the man found the affair was for outward application and not for inward consumption. explained, "Goddee lite." After the god had

The next day the man's friend had the Chinese inscriptions translated by a Chinese genti man on whom he could rely. The man's frier said the translator was an opium dealer and was therefore thoroughly reliable. You must com-mence to read Chinese letters up in the upper right-hand corner and then read down. The



A CHINESE JOSS, Herbage of the Great African Desert to

And the Prescription That He Gave for two months the Karoo is a flower garden.

tial Joss Houses in San Francisco-What the Ingredients Were, as Translated by a

nounce it if you heard it.

A FRIEND AND THE RHEUMATISM.

Reliable Interpreter.

a motior known only to Brazilians, incorporates both into an elongated boius, which he conveys to his mouth and swallows in a way which, to say the least of it, is astonishing to those who witness it for the first time. witness it for the first time.

Dessert, if there is any, consists of bananas

guava jelly, preserved potato or some "dulce." After which black coffee and ettes are handed around and small glasses of rum and water. Before rising from the table each fills his mouth with water and after going through various suggestive contortions of cheeks and lips, squirt it broadcast over the floor. THE PERIOD OF REPOSE.

and scanty clothes in return-live chiefly

GIRLS UNDER LOCK AND REY. Let me quote a few paragraphs pertaining to a visit he made in the valley of Ivahy. "Senor Andeade was an old man and allowed his wife to do most of the talking for him when she was in the room. One of her first questions was to know whether I was married, and on hearing that I am still in the full enjoyment of freedom. she proceeded to enlarge upon the delights of married life, at the same time informing me that she had five unmarried daughters. After understand, but which at once dispelled her momentary gravity. The old man got up, went across to a locked door, turned the key, opened it and disappeared into a dark chamber within. Almost immediately he returned, saying, 'The girls are not accustomed to see strangers and are afraid.' Meanwhile the senhora, who was crident.

well-disciplined Brazilian families for all its members to bid each other good night as soon as the lamps are lit, as a reminder that evening has come. They may be sitting at dinner or entertaining visitors, but everybody pauses in the midst of conversation to exchange this sal-utation, and the children rise and kiss the hands of their parents, saying a bencao men pai-"your blessing, father"—as in patriarchal days ALL ASTIR AT SUNRISE.

At sunrise the family was astir and its fe male members flocked into our room en masse. ostensibly to bring the before-rising cup of coffee and bid good morning, and also, it seemed, to curiously inspect our belongings, even trying on our shoes and experimenting with the toilet articles. Country coffee, by the way, is excellent, though made in a peculiar manner. Some unbrowned berries and sugar are stirred together and then roasted in a covered pan, so that when the sugar melts and cools it is candied over the coffee grains. A spoonful of this is bounded in a mortar, put into a bag of coarse linen and boiling water is poured over it, cups being held beneath to catch the drippings—and the beverage is ready. Coffee pots are not used, but each cup is thus made separately. Boiled milk is generally added in the morning, but never at any other time.

The usual breakfast hour in the rural districts is 10 o'clock, and the menu does not vary much year in and year out. There is always angu—a sort of thin porrige—black beans stewed in lard, dried meat cooked with garlic and farinha or mandices meal eaten raw or stirred into the angu, and perhaps by way of extra dishes for "company" there may be a lamb's head, a fowl smothered in rice or a lump of bacon boiled with cabbage. While the host and guests at a ten the tole the wife remains outside locking on, or eats at a separate table with the smaller children, and later the house servants table their turn. ostensibly to bring the before-rising cup of

children return to school, if there is any in the vicinage. I say return, because in Brazil school sessions are a perpetual penance, beginning at 6 a.m. An hour's intermission is allowed for A WIDE CONTRAST Between Life in the City and in the

vicinage. I say return, because in Brazil school sessions are a perpetual penance, beginning at 6 a. m. An hour's intermission is allowed for breakfast, but no other recess until the school day is over at 3 or 4 o'clock.

Dinner is usually served at 4 o'clock, like the breakfast, to the guests and male members of the family only, the wife and daughters, as before, waiting respectfully outside or eating at a separate table. Everybody has two plates set before him, both piled to the outside rim, one with the inevitable stew of dried meat, the other with pairo. The latter is an unctuous sort of pudding made by mixing mandives with the highly greased and garliced broth in which the meat was boiled. These constitute the main part of the meal. Besides, the center of the table is perhaps graced with a dish of bacalao (codfish), which has been baked on embers or boiled in oil, flanked on one side by a bowl of sauce for itself of oil and vinegar, mixed with Chile peppers and sliced garlic, and on the other side by a sauce for the meat made of broth, lime juice and bruised Chile peppers. Sleeping Rooms-Girls Under Lock and

O WIDE IS THE EVERYBODY HELPS HIMSELF. contrast between city Everybody helps himself to the codfish (which living and country liv is served in long, shaving-like strips) and to the ing in Brazil that the for sauce, with his own knife and fork, if he has eignerhaving penetrated any; or if, as is often the case, those any; or if, as is often the case, those unnecessary implements are supplied only to the foreign guests who are known to have singular habits—the rest assist themselves with the apparatus supplied by nature. It is done with neatness and dispatch in this way. Each selects with his fingers a strip of codish, subdivides it by hand into smaller shavings, then takes it bit by bit, and rolls it in the central dish of sauce. For the stewed meat, he scoops out a lump of pirao, the size of a hen's egg, with the ends of his fingers, puts it in the palm of his hand with a chunk of meat fished out of its broth, and with the fingers of the same hand, working with a few leagues into the interior, can hardly believe himself among the while many fazenderas of the better class-like the squatters of Australia and the land owners of New Zealand. who were often scions of some of the noblest families in the united kingdom-are gentlemen with the fingers of the same hand, working with of education and refinement, familiar with the best society in their own and other countries, and maintaining comfortable homes on their rural estates, there is a more numerous class who

Then comes a siesta, or period of repose. Between 6 and 7 o'clock the ladies go out to pay visits, if the neighbors are near enough, and the husband goes for another promenade or game of cards or gentle gossip, and later everybody walks in the plaza, if there is one, till late at night. In some families a third meal is served, between 8 and 9 o'clock, but in rural districts that is the exception rather than the

ex-slaves, now hired at a small rate of compen-sation for working days, or given their "keep" milho (Indian corn), prepared in various ways. They are excessively fond of it in the form of pipokas, and this is the way to make it: Par-tially fill a clay pot with sand and heat it very hot. Then throw shelled corn into the heated sand and stir it around with a long stick until sand and stir it around with a long stick antil the grains swell and burst the skin, becoming what we call "popped" corn. The grains are eaten with raw coconnut, bananas, farinha or onions. In this country, when you desire to onions a meddlesome person that he would better mind his own business, you are more polite about it than in Yankeedom and merely polite about it than in Yankeedom and merely request him to Vai plantas pipokas—"go plant

Mr. Bigg-Wither, an English engineer who was employed some years in railroad surveying in Brazil, tells some interesting experiences among the landed proprietors in his interesting book. Being a man he had a better opportunity than I to know how women deport themselves in the presence of the other sex.

ith a not accustomed to see strangers and are afraid.' Meanwhile the senhora, who was evidently now determined that her daughters should show themselves, had also disappeared into the secret chamber, from which now proceeded sounds of whispering and suppressed giggling. Presently the senhora reappeared leading a very modest-looking damsel of about nineteen years, closely followed by three others, apparently somewhat younger. All were overwhelmed with intense shvness and a hysterical desire to laugh. After the formal and separate introduction of each, be it noted that the lady is here introduced to the gentleman, they all scampered back into the secret chamber and their papa turned the key upon them. At this time I was ignorant of the custom which is so general in these out-of-the-way parts of keeping the women, or rather the daughters of the family, locked up like wild beasts, consequently I did not hesitate to express my wonder and to ask why it was done in this case. In reply Senor Andrade said that it was the custom of the country and he had never thought of bringing up his daughters in any other way. 'Do they ever go out?' I asked. 'No, never,' he replied, 'not now that they are grown. They had all learned horseback riding when children, but since then they had been shut up in the house, according to the custom for respectable girls, where they must remain until husbands can be obtained for them.' 'Poor things. It is to be hoped that there are few old maids among the lasses of Brazil.

FANNIE B. WARD.

FANNIE B. WARD.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Few things possess greater interest to northern people making their first pilgrimage through the south than the moss-covered trees of the lowlands near the gulf coast," said H. C. Henry at the Laclede. "In the moist, warm air of the coast country the moss takes possession of the trees, and from every branch trails down the line a mighty banner of green silk, giving to the forests a picturesque beauty, but one suggestive of cemeteries and elegies. In the winter, when the green of the moss has faded into a dirty gray, and been torn and whipped by the winds until it resembles the ragged locks of some ancient Sycorax, the effect is particularly uncanny. Add a leaden sky, a drizzling rain and here and there a pool of black water half-hidden by impenetrable canebrakes, and you get a scene of dreary desolation that would have made even the witches of Machett want have made even the witches of Macbeth want wings with which to get out of the country. There is today enough moss clinging to the trees on the gulf coast to furnish every man, woman and child in Europe and America with

To Kansas City and Return, \$22. The Chesapeake and Ohio railway will sell excursion tickets via Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis August 18 to 21, good for return until September 15. Two solid vestibuled limited, dining car, electric lighted trains.

The F. F. V. limited, 11:10 p.m. The St. Louis limited, 2 p.m. No route quicker. Best Pullmans to St. Louis.—Advt.

for Rheumatism. THE DISEASE NOT CURED.

> bulbs have died back into the ground by millions, the fig blossoms are withered. the Karoo paths, Christian science, ac. Probably every

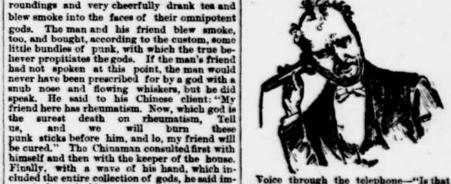
Cowboys Educated Him.

with a formidable-looking look and surgical college, my health was bad and I concluded to case and a sign reading, "Office prescriptions go out west and rough it for a few months. I cash," either, but occupied an apartment all engaged to help drive a herd of cattle from filled with gaudy gilt work and funny little northern Texas into Kansas, and made the vessels in which burned aromatic punk. He usual mistake of supposing that I was the only man in the party who knew a syllogism from a was a Chinese joss and his name was - but man in the party who knew a syllogism from a personal pronoun. For three successive evenings I aired my college learning, while my companions sat in a circle around me and chewed tough beef and smoked plug tobacco. Then they concluded that they had had about enough of Aristophanes, Pythagoras and the philosophy of the peripatetics, and they proceeded to wind me up. The next morning the boss gave me my orders in Greek the cook what we in what matter his name? You could not pro-It happened in this way. The man was walking around San Francisco with a friend and the rheumatism. The friend walked by his side and the rheumatism walked all over him, paying especial attention to his ankles and causing him to walk in a manner as lithe and active as a mule with the blind staggers. The man, the rheumatism walked all over him, paying especial attention to his ankles and causing him to walk in a manner as lithe and active as a mule with the blind staggers. The man, the rheumatism walked all over him, paying especially of the cook asked me in choice Latin whether I would take 'sap' or syrup on my slapjacks, and a cow puncher with the blind staggers. with the blind staggers. The man, the rheu-matism and the friend finally found themselves sought me in choice Persian to reserve my kindergarten learning for the babes of civilization.
One had been a professor in Yale and the others were Oxonians. I have not since attempted to n Chinatown, which occupies quite a slice of San Francisco, and just as the man was trying to figure out whether he would rather be an American with the rheumatism dazzle the simple children of the frontier with a display of my learning.

prosperous-looking Chinese merchant, who termined to marry and I have picked out the resented the man with a cheerful smile and a The smile has gone the ways of all Jones-"Why, I am astonished. I though earthly things, but the man still has the cigar.

earthly things, but the man still has the cigar. Whenever he wants to stop smoking for a week he looks at that cigar and the deed is done. The hospitality of the Chinese gentleman did not stop at the cigar, and he took us to see one of the big joss houses, containing four or five especially ugly looking gods and with the wall covered over with hieroglyphics, said to be the names of the subscribers to that particular joss house. STUDY OF FACIAL EXPRESSION

The Chinamen around the room did not seem especially overburdened by awe at their sur-



cluded the entire collection of gods, and pressively: "Goddeys no goodee lumatism, dlivee lumatism uppee, commee me," and the man and his friend "commeed." They went around a back street and up three fights of the collection of



HER LESSON. RS. OWEN SAT at the little farm-

ow could he suspect that she was not satishouse window and looked out into the twilight things," he said, vaguely. "Do you want any-of a May evening. thing from town?" "There are some eggs to take in, and you Two swallows were sailing

make up the life of a western farmer's wife.

reflection of her own ill humor?

for a sensible little woman to write.

Kate, my dear-so the letter began-the

lilac blossoms are responsible for this letter.

they hurt her vet.

men can become rich!

How handsome he was, and so refined and ele-

The letter was not finished, the pen had fallen

Maggie Owen did not see it. With her elbows on the desk and a brown hand on either side of

nd left a great ink spot on the white paper.

which only exists in our dreams and heaven.

She hastily thrust the folded paper in a
drawer of the writing desk with that impulse of

one red cent?" He straightened himself up his full height and thrust both hands down

We can both take things easier now

drop in the bucket."

It was a great effort for Bert to keep his little

His eyes danced and his tell-tale face re-

t object to toil for. Castles in air are

a lovely home, what an ideal life his wife-

might bring out some sugar and a package of cornstarch and—never mind, I must write out a list of what I want or you'll forget half," she above like floating silhouettes in the blue sky, where the stars were twinkling into sight, one replied, with an uneasy effort at playfulness, by one. have passed him and drew her to him affection The trees and grass were the fresh green of ately.
"Poor little hands," he said, with a loving

was heavy with fragrant clusters of bloom, and a little bird, making himself comfortable in its branches for the night, occasionally chirped faintly.

But Mrs. Owen was not thinking of the evening's beauty. She was tired and unhappy.

It had been a warm, languid day, with house-cleaning and an extra large ironing to do, beging the thousand and one other duties which sides the thousand and one other duties which time talking over old times and all that sort of Everybody had been cross. Was it only the

A great love welled up in her heart for this big, tender man; and her voice sounded dang-erously like tears as she answered: "I'm only tired; I think I will be all right tomorrow." Even Bert had gone to the field that morning leaving a few hasty words to rankle in her heart She could trust herself to say no more.
"Well, run along, then, and go to bel early and get a good rest." His eyes followed her as all day. He had forgotten them in a moment;

A slight breeze came in at the open window the left the room.

He took the chair she had vacated and looked and rustled among the pages of the letter she out into the night. It was very dark now, for the moon had disappeared and clouds had gath-ered and hid the light of the stars. Bert sat there smoking for some time, and his thoughts, was writing-such a foolish, sentimental letter too, were of the future. "Poor girl,"—this be-tween the puffs—"she has had a hard time of Someway they always carry me back to school She was never used to work like this; and thought when we came west we were doing what was best for us both. It has been harder for me, too, than she has ever known. But, if things go all right, in another year or two I can make her comfortable, bless her! Well, now for the contract I was a single things. days and to you. Do you remember how we would heap them on our desks until the air of the dingy old room was sweet with their per-

fume? Have you forgotton those delightful make her comfortable, bless her find it." strolls in the first warm spring evenings, when He struck a match, jerked open the drawers of a writing desk, his big rough hands scramb-ling among the papers. "Aba! here it is." He took down his coat from the hook behind we walked arm in arm and talked of the life and joys to come—just such evenings as this? The world has not changed. It is only I who have changed. I look backward now, not forward, and my life seems such a miserable fail-ure compared with our hopes and plans in those far-away days. How I would have scorned then the idea of drudging away on a farm. door, put the contract carefully in his inside pocket and did not notice that another folded paper had slipped in with it.

Then he tiptoed softly upstars that he might not arouse his wife if she had already fallen

last I heard from you you were happy in your city home, with all the advantages that money Maggie was restless and sleepless and awoke the next day with a nervous headache, can buy, with opportunities for education and improvement, which I, who know you so well, understand how much you appreciate. something very unusual for her.

It was a rainy, dreary morning. "Just the day to go to town," Bert remarked: "couldn't

do anything if I stayed at home."

So he pulled on his rubber coat and his slonch hat and called upstairs, "I'll stop as I go past Jones' and send over the oldest girl to help Maria today. I'll try to be home for supper, but I may be late; so don't worry if I'm not here at supper time. Good-bye," and he was husband's prosperity, that he is now one of the most successful attorneys in now one of the most successful attorneys in the suc ful attorneys in your city.

Surely the fates have given you the fulfill-We are separated by more than miles now. friend of my other days.

There has never been time- for any improve-

ment on my part. It has been nothing but work, work, work, and what has been accomplished? A roof over our heads, it is true, and enough to eat and wear, but, oh, there is so She ever afterward disliked that Maria. She felt better in the afternoon, and rose and much of beauty and culture and art, so much that I have longed for, am hungry for and can dressed herself. There was so much then to do never be satisfied.

dressed herself. There was so much then to do never be satisfied. If father had only lived it might have been

If father had only lived it might have been different, but since he failed and died everything seems to have gone wrong. Sometimes I-the milk put away.

Bert had not come, and still it rained. The Bert had not come, and Maggie lighted the early darkness came and Maggie lighted the lamp and seated herself to do some sewing. Maria than this. When Bert and I were married. expected to live so. But we came, west and the Jones girl had gone home and she was alone. The lifac branches slapped dismally against the house. She heard the rain as it it, and here we are another against the window. it, and here we are, among a set of good, uneducated people, who care for nothing outside
the boundary of Lawrence county, and I, oh,
Kate, I am growing like them.

And Bert? He county had we bought
against the house. She heard the rain as it
dashed against the window panes, and occasionally the splash, splash of horses struggling
through the mud and the swish of the water as
the wheels sank deep into the rain of the

Others were late coming from town as well as And Bert? He comes from the neight first and dusty, and cares for nothing in the world but his pipe and an easy chair. As we must rise with the lark there can be no long evenings for reading, or any society, or amusement whatever. Indeed, I think he cares very little about it now. Are all men so?

Others were late coming from town as well as Bert. She had been thinking all day how low low ingly she would greet him. She would atone for her wickedness—for such she felt it to be. What though no one in the world knew it, she would atone for reading, or any society, or amusement whatever. Indeed, I think he cares very little about it now. Are all men so?

Others were late coming from town as well as wearing a pair of linen trousers that had once been white, a black hat, through the crown of which my hair showed in several places, and tollets were made when we put on our hats. I used a saddle for a pfilow. One night some inside our lines and was trying to get out, and sall men so? Do you ever see our old friend Arthur Brown?

You know he lives in your city. He is wealthy now, I understand. Strange how quickly some She felt her cheeks grow hot with shame, she bent lower over her work, though there was no one there to see. She raised her head quickly again, however, for she heard another horse gant in his tastes. But he was quick tempered and sensitive; so was I. That was the cause of—but, pshaw, you remember the story as well

The wide gate creaked as it was opened to

admit the horseman.

He was riding straight up to the door. what could it mean? Her cheek blanched as she flew to the door

and threw it open.

The Jones girl's father was standing on the a tired face, she was looking straight out of the open window.

The new moon shone faintly through the window.

e new moon shone faintly through the e new moon shone faintly through the tree, and the twilight was sweet with the lof the lilac brossoms.

attered her thoughts were, they brought a coff pink to her cheeks and her heart gave at throb as the gate clicked and she heard usband's step on the walk.

at had she written and what had she ght? She did not know where the letter ended and where the beautiful dream began even at the hat he held awkgradly is highered. smell of the lilac biossoms.

Whatever her thoughts were, they brought a

tinge of pink to her cheeks and her heart gave a great throb as the gate clicked and she heard her husband's step on the walk.

What had she written and what had she thought? She did not know where the letter rise in his throat, looking down to avoid her had ended and where the beautiful dream began eves at the hat he held awkwardly in his hand. She remembered afterward most distinctly the She remembered afterward most distinctly the prints his muddy feet left on the kitchen floor world of wealth and refinement, where she had books and music and pictures and travel and prints his muddy feet let to the which dripped and the little puddle of water which dripped from his coat—all magnified and seeming near love, without commonplace, sordid care—with-out sacrince and self-renunciation—a world

her eyes as one sometimes sees things dream: "My girl's all right. It ain't her," he stamdrawer of the writing desk with that impulse of concealment which originated with poor Mother

Eve and has clung to weak humanity ever "What is it?" she said, in a low, hurried tone. "Tell me all you have to say. I must know the

"Some way—I reckon nobody knows how it happened Leastways nobody saw it. Moore, he said, Bert 'peared kind o' absent minded and looked white like when he went out of his office— Bert came swinging up the walk with his hat on the back of his head, whistling a jerky little tune with a reckless disregard of musical laws, but expressing to his own entire satisfaction his happiness—a plain, hard working, sed man. overflowing good humor.

He came in, his honest face beaming with whistle. You see, he was crossin' the railroad tracks on the road home and—" a pause, "he didn't see the train." In the rough man's eyes He ended his tune with a shrill trill in his wife's ear. "What's the matter, Megsy, sitting here alone shone a world of pity. "They're comin' back there and they lowed I'd better help you fix

Ab. Maggie, no money could buy the tenderness expressed in that tone or the wealth of affection in your husband's kiss.

She looked up surprised. These little attentions had not been frequent of late. He had been too busy.

"I can guess what you were thinking about."

"It can guess what you were thinking about." "I can guess what you were thinking about,"
he continued. "Shall I tell it? You were
thinking how happy we will be when the last days and nights of suspense and almost hope-less anxiety before Maggie Owen could feel that less anxiety before Maggie Owen could feel that her husband was spared to her. She never knew how she lived through those weeks. The sharpest pang of all came when they handed her the package of papers which were found in his pocket. She had fainted then on Mrs. Jones' capacious become cent of the mortgage is paid off and we own our little home and everything in it. Wouldn't He straightened himself up to Jones' capacious bosom.
"Pore thing! she's plum tuckered out, stan-

the bottom of his pockets with an independent gesture that his forefather might have used when he signed the Declaration of Independin over him night and day. I never see the best of how much she does think of him." "I'll tell you. Maggie, this farm is going to be valuable some day. We have worked pretty hard for it," he added, "but it has paid, hasn't The poor wife's only prayer was that he The leaves were beginning to fall when, weak and pale, he was able to sit again by the win-

He had been very quiet that day, as if trying September. You talk as if it was paid and the money Martin paid you today is only a to recall an almost forgotten circumstance.
"Maggie, did they find the deed and—and the Maggie walked over to the door and locke it. Then she took some papers from the writing desk and knelt down by her husband's chair. When she unlocked the door again the oldest

Jones girl saw a tearful but happy face, and on the window sill a little heap of ashes.

His eyes danced and his tell-tale face revealed it, but the twilight is accustomed to keeping secrets and conceals many less innocent than Bert's. His fingers sched to pull out the roll of money from the deep pocket and tell her how he had planned; nd saved and that the money he had just received was sufficient to pay off the full amount he was owing, which Mr. Moore had agreed to accept at any time. But, no, he had planned to make the surprise a complete one by bringing in the canceled mortgage and a deed made out in Maggie's name. She had helped to earn it; she should have that satisfaction. He laughed heartily, but Maggie was too preoccupied to notice it. After all the farm seemed to her tonight an insignificant object to toil for. Castles in air are From the Detroit Free Press.

The man had brought in to the editor of the Weekly Corneracker a quarter-column story After the man had gone the editor picked up

the manuscript and began to read as follows:
"The millionaire country editor who had—" The next instant he dropped the copy and

THAT RAW RECRUIT

Written for The Evening Star

selves, and had shown that we would stand fire.

ANOTHER CLOSE CALL.

mile or more in front of our camp was a nar-

A BATTERY OPENS FIRE.

OVERCOME BY THE HEAT.

One day I was overcome by heat and remem-

around here.

On a march the leading division gets along very well, but the passage of the wagons and artillery cuts up the roads so that it is hard for He Continues to Gain More Practical Experience in Campaigning. CHASING THE REBEL PRICE. There in Time for the Battle of Franklin. HE WAR DEPARTment did not let us recruits get rusty. In a few days the inspecting officers had condemned a lot of our horses and we drew new ones; the chests were

refilled with ammunition, new clothes and new shoes were issued and we were soon in as good shape as ever. probably better, for we

The guards are divided into three reliefs, who are on duty two hours and off four. In camp our turn came about every fifth day, and was not a hardship, but on a march we came on every third day, and walking a beat for two hours after a long and tedious march, with little to eat, was far from pleasant.

Although we followed Price closely he would not stand. Our cavalry had several slight engagements with his rear guard, but they never waited for our infantry to some up. One night, after a toilsome day, during which we had passed over many hills which had tired our horses, we halted after dark and were told that how to take care of our-We had now six guns, two brass twelve-pound smoothbores of the sort called Napoleons, and four three-inch rifled Rodman's, which threw a thirteen-pound shell. In a few days we were started out to keep the rebel cavalry, under Forrest, employed. Again we entered Mississippi, and for a few days were unmolested, but soon the daily skirmishing, which had accomsoon the daily skirmishing, which had accompanied our former trip, begun. On August 8 I had a very close shave. We had become so accustomed to the firing in front that we scarcely gave it a thought, and seeing a peach orchard beyond a swamp not far from camp, myself and another got leave of the captain to go for some fruit. We waded through and found a number of trees loaded with splendid peaches near an abandoned house.

Whenever possible we had replaced our heavy woolen uniforms with lighter garments picked up wherever we could find them. The only blue article I had was a blouse, which I spread on the ground and filled with peaches to carry

A SCATTERING FIRE.

alry coming, but I only gave a casual glance toward them, when I noticed my companion running. I called to ask him where he was going, when the officer jumped his horse over At the first signs of daylight we heard a scatthe low fence, and without looking closely at me rode up to a tree and began to gather peaches, at the same time calling to me: "Go to your camp at once; the Yankees are thick although badly frightened, I had presence of mind to answer, "All right, sir," and he can-tered off, not having seen my blouse nor my companion. As soon as he turned I ran for the swamp, expecting every instant to hear an order to halt or the whiz of a bullet. I reached camp feeling that I had got off cheaply with The next day the butternut shirt which had saved me on this occasion nearly led to my troubles being ended by some of our own men. Food for our horses was very scarce, and half a row belt of timber through which ran a creek.

Just beyond the further edge was our pickets,
who were occasionally exchanging shots with
the "Johnnies." One of our lieutenants asked

me to water his horse, and I took a path to avoid the dust in the road. Not far off was a was a hard trip. I will never forget one fea-ture. Many of the houses we passed had great open fireplaces, and after dark as we went plodding along watching the sky shead for the stubble neld from which the shocks of grain had been carried off for horse feed. Near the mad been carried off for horse feed. Near the woods I saw one bundle which had been over-looked and I decided to get it, and, there being a deep gully between me and the field, I tied the horse and started on foot. I saw a squad reflection of the fires which would show us that the advance was going into camp we would see the logs in these fireplaces burning brightly and little children looking out of the windows, and it would make us decidedly homesick. of cavalrymen in the field going in the same direction, and, thinking only of the grain, I began to run. I heard the cry "halt" and the galloping of horses, and looking back to see how fast they were gaining I saw one man un-slinging his carbine, and I stopped. I was pleasures of campaigning. We usually laid down to sleep fully dressed, frequently not even and the uncovered ends were wet with snow and froze to the saddle, and when the bugle sounded I could not raise my head until cut loose. I felt as the fellow did who said that if ford. Early in the forenoon a much heavier skirmish than usual began and our entire force was arranged for action. Our division of three brigades was drawn up one line a short distance behind the other, regimental front, two deep, but remained behind a hill out of sight of

the enemy. Creeping to the brow of the hill we had a good view of the skirmish. In front of us was a level plain, with bushes scattered over it, and stretched flat on the ground a few scattered over a large section of country, with which to drive back the rebel Gen. Hood, who rods apart and taking advantage of every bush or hollow which offered shelter were the had started to invade Tennessee

or hollow which offered shelter were the cavalrymen, the puffs of smoke and crack of carbines showing that there was an enemy in front, and a wounded man being helped to the rear proved that it was not a one-sided affair. Somewhere behind and overlooking the line was an officer with a bugler whose calls controlled the movement of the skirmishers. In response to an order for a general advance the enemy's fire became heavier and instead of falling back as panal it was evident that they were as usual it was evident that they were strengthening their front, and our main body of escape and reach the shelter of the forts, as well as to gain time until we arrived. This battle of Franklin took place just before dark the day we arrived, and as soon as night came our forces tell back. No time was lost in getting us into place. As fast as a brigade could be landed it was pushed to the front, and by daylight we were behind a temporary breastwork two miles out of the city. We remained here for some days, occasionally sending a few shells toward the enemy, who was in plain sight, throwing up earthworks and evidently intending to stay, but not replying to our guas having no nowder. As our first brigade came in sight a four-gun hat our first brigade came in sight a four-gun battery opened fire. The forty-ninth Illinois was the leading regiment, and one of the shells made a gap in the line, while another exploded just behind them. The colonel was on horse-back in the rear of his men, and removing a cigar from his mouth he called, "Steady! Close up! Guide center!" Soon another gap was made, and again the order, as calmly as though on parade "Steady boys! (Gere pp." The made, and again the order, as calmly as though on parade, "Steady, boys! Close up!" The men were getting a little nervous and the line was not so straight, but it went steadily forward. Very soon we opened fire, and by rare good luck we exploded one of their caiseons at the first shot. As our strength developed the rebels fell back, and our cavalry entered Oxford. The infantry halted and we remained by our guns. Soon after noon an officer with an escort of cavalry mounted on tired horses pushed to the front in search of the commanding general. In an hour our infantry came up earthworks and evidently intending to stay. but not replying to our guns, having no powder to spare. Thomas was using every effort to get his army into effective shape. Some of his cavalry had no horses, and there was some delay, and the authorities at Washington were alarmed at the situation. Sherman could not be heard from and Thomas seemed afraid of Hood, and Grant, after telegraphing Thomas order after order to move, sent Gen. Logan to supersede him, but before Logan's arrival Thomas had struck Hood a terrible blow. By December 12 everything was ready for a move. pushed to the front in search of the command-ing general. In an hour our infantry came back and we at once started toward Memphis. We learned that Forrest (whom Lee pronounced the ablest cavalry officer in their service) had left his main force, and with 500 of his best mounted men made a dash on Memphis. Enter-

mounted men made a dash on Memphis. Entering the city after dark he had almost captured the commander, and after remaining an hour he went out, having paroled many officers and men whom he had taken prisoner and securing a number of horses, and so frightened Gen. Washburne that he sent in hot haste to recall us the next day. We traveled fast, and having started out to live on the country and now going over the road on which we had advanced a few days before, we had to live on green corn and such stuff, and suffered very much. The wagons and baggage were left in camp and each man was ordered to remain at his and each man was ordered to remain at his post. A dense fog hung over everything and we could see but a very short distance; our progress was slow and the crack of rifes shead and the occasional boom of a cannon told that the skirmishers were feeling the way. About moon the sun came out suddenly and the fog disappeared and the sight was one never to be forgotten. We were at the entrance of a canebrake and could see nothing ahead, but behind, moving at regimental front, were lines of infantry with officers mounted and in place, staff officers galloping about with orders and far in the rear on a hill overlooking all was Thomas' headquarters with signal flags waving. Our progress was very slow for some time, and after going a mile or more we halted and were pretty well to the front and our infantry was moved ahead of us and filled the road for some distance. Flat on the ground in the slush and snow were the skirmishers, and the crack of their rifes was being vigorously answered. Not far off was a wounded man lying on a blanket while a surgeon examined his hurt. A crowd had gathered around him and I had just reached the edge of it and was trying to peep over a man's shoulders when "whiz" came a bullet and struck his arm, and for the only time I heard a ball strike a man. The firing gradually grew heavier and more batteries joined in. Suddenly the infantry sheed of us fell rapidly to the right and left and made way for an officer coming at full speed. Reining his horse he saluted the captain and said: "Gon. Gezzard's compliments and he says move your battery to the hill on the left." In an instant the bugle called: "Cannoneers mount, forward, gallep, march!" We sprung to our places on the guns post. A dense fog hung over everything and One day I was overcome by heat and remembered very little until I was sent to an outdoor hospital in Fort Pickering, just below Memphis. Here I spent a dismal three weeks, gaining strength very slowly, and finally the surgeon said I had better rejoin the battery at St. Louis and go to a hospital there. The rebel Gen. Price was then threatening Missouri and our troops were concentrating at St. Louis, ready to march in any direction, and late one night I reported to the captain, who at once said I was not fit for duty, but should go to a hospital in the morning. At midnight some orders came which changed the face of affairs, and at daylight I was trudging along some miles away, started on a trip which led us clear across the state to the Kansas line. Having had no opportunity to draw any new clothing since our return from the Oxford trip my clothes were threadbare and my shoes badly worn, and in my weak condition I was not fit to march, but in the movement of an army the individual counts for little, and I had to go. Our wornout tents had been turned over to the quarter-master and new ones had been ordered, but had not arrived, and we could truly be said to be in the field, for we had no shelter.

In the organization of an army for service two, three or four regiments composes a brigade.

those in the rear, as mud or dust is sure to be deep. Every halt stops all the column behind where it occurs and a mule team stuck in the mud delays a whole army corps. When it is decided to camp the leading brigade stops, the troops behind pass on so that the brigade that is in rear today goes in front and takes the advanced to temperature. THE REBEL PRICE.

Is in rear today goes in front and takes the advance tomorrow. On a long chase such as we were now engaged in, over bad roads and steep hills the last troops would sometimes not reach camp until nearly midnight and would have to start early on the following day, so they got little rest. On reaching camp the infantry stack their arms and break ranks, the artillery takes their arms and break ranks, the artillery of the pieces their arms and break ranks, the artillery stack their arms and break ranks, the artillery takes the start arms and break ranks, the artillery takes the start arms and break ranks, the artillery takes the advance tomorrow. On a long chase such as we were now engaged in, over bad roads and steep hills the last troops would sometimes not reach takes the advance tomorrow. On a long chase such as we were now engaged in, over bad roads and steep hills the last troops would sometimes not reach camp until nearly midnight and would have to start early on the following day, so they got little rest. On reaching camp the infantry stack their arms and break ranks, the artillery and the last troops would sometimes not reach camp until nearly midnight and would have to start early on the following day, so they got little rest. stack their arms and break ranks, the artillery is drawn up with the pieces about fifty feet apart, and behind each piece is its caisson, the call "cannoneers to your posts" brings the men to their guns, the bugle sound "drivers dismount," and a moment later the orders are "unhitch and unharness; cannoneers to the picket ropes," and while the sergeants see to the care of the teams the corporals supervise the stretching of the ropes from caisson to caisson, securing them to the wheels, and then all scatter to help the cooks get wood and water, and fires are soon blazing in all directions. Each team has a regular place at the rope, the harness is piled near and it is an easy matter for each driver to find his own.

find his own.

The guards are divided into three reliefs, who

horses, we halted after dark and were told that we would march at midnight, leaving behind wagons and baggage, as our cavalry hoped to we would march at midnight, leaving behind wagons and baggage, as our cavalry hoped to compel the enemy to delay until our arrival. We pushed ahead as fast as possible. Soon we began to pass groups of infantry who had become exhausted and had kindled little fires by the roadside and resolved to stop until rested. As the night passed these groups became more numerous and larger, and by morning not more than a third of our infantry was moving, but it was not to be wondered at, as they had been afoot since early the previous day, with only a few hours' rest, and it must be remembered that an infantry soldier has to carry his gun, bayonet, forty rounds and sometimes more of bayonet, forty rounds and sometimes more ammunition, provisions for several days and blanket, overcoat and any changes of clothing be may have. We artillerymen had nothing to carry and could ride occasionally and got along on the ground and filled with peaches to carry to camp, and I then started to look around for a stray chicken or some such thing. The dust was thick in the road and I saw a party of cav-

tering fire ahead, and we hoped that at last we would have a chauce to exchange shots with the fellows who had led us on such a long chase. but we were disappointed. Their rear guard had burnt the only bridge across a deep stream and were making a show of fight in order to prevent our rebuilding it. A battery shead of us threw a few shells. Soon a ford was found, and as our infantry crossed they fell back. There were signs which showed that the skirmish had been an earnest one. Several dead horses lay around and a house near by was full of wounded. We were thoroughly exhausted. spurring, and as soon as unharnessed most of them laid down. We were told that we would march again in two hours. I got a cup of coffee and fell asleep, and was awakened at sun-down by the bugle calling assembly. It had been found impossible to go any further, and the order to move had been recalled and day stragglers had been coming up to rejoin their regiments. The rebels made no attempt to weak and poorly clad as I had started on this march I suffered greatly. The weather was cold, the roads bad and the days long and it

we got this country saved he would never try to save another. When Price finally left Mis-souri we marched back to St. Louis, arriving toward the end of November. Sherman was on his way through Georgia at the head of 60,000 men, leaving Thomas to gather up the forces

As soon as we could draw necessary supplies we were ordered to join Thomas, who was failing back on Nashville. Embarking on steamers tied two abreast, and preceded and followed by gunboats, we went down the Mississippi to Cairo, then up the Cumberland to Nashville, where we arrived at midnight on November 30. Hood was crowding Thomas closely, and Gen. Schofield, who had charge of the rear was compelled to make a stand at Franklin, twelve miles from the city, to allow his wagon train to escape and reach the shelter of the forts, as well December 12 everything was ready for a move, but a storm left the ground covered with ice and sleet and it was almost impossible for a man or horse to stand and the orders were recalled. On the 14th a thaw set in and left slush merital december of the west in the state of the s ankle deep, and on the morning of the 15th of

Portuguese ancestors, particularly as regards the treatment of women, the wives and daughters of the latter are not much better off than those of the Turks. But all Brazilians, high or low, are alike in showing unbounded hospitality toward the stranger within their gates, and though a traveler comes to them without introduction or recommondation of any sort he is welcomed literally "with open arms" and plued with the literally "with open arms" and plied with the very best the house affords as long as he can be induced to remain, proving that the host's customary greeting, "This case is yours, all in it is at your disposal and I am your servant," is not entirely an empty form. AN EXTENSIVE SUGAR ESTATE. We have visited a number of cotton, coffee and sugar fazendas in various parts of the country, and the aggregate result of our experience among middle-class planters in remote

rural districts may be fairly summed up in an account of the last visit, from which we just returned, to an extensive sugar estate, situated half a day's journey (by carriage) from Bom Jesus and named Batalha, in remembrance of the grand old abbey in Portugal. After having bumped across the surrounding prairie, with its innumerable man traps in the shape of ar-madillo holes and ant hills and deserted diamond washings, our route lay along a road bordered by srange groves, fronted by hedges overrun by blossoming creepers, interspersed by mango and bread fruit trees. The last by mango and bread fruit trees. The last named trees are no longer much cultivated in Brazil, the use of their fruit having been su-perseded by farina, but they are still planted for shade and ornament, as they grow rapidly and to great size. Their large, bright green leaves are much indented at the edges, and the hage, bright green fruit, which is apparently huge, bright green fruit, which is apparently seedless and has a surface that looks like network, is by no means to be despised as an article of food when baked and eaten with salt. Perhaps owing to its pretentious name we formed some rather erroneous ideas of Batalha. We found a typical Brazilian manor house and chapel, as essentially Portuguese in construc tion and arrangement as if they stood in some interior valley of Portugal, with traces of the Interior valley of Portugal, with traces of the Moors thrown in—a very large, square mansion, two stories high, with walls of plastered brick and overhanging roof of Indian red tiles, thickly coated with mold and parasitic plants. It is surrounded on all sides by a clumsy sort of veranda, or, more properly speaking, by a scries of deep arched niches built into the walls, floored with brick and topped by a learnet roof floored with brick and topped by a lean-to roof of tiles. The tiny, unglazed windows are set close up under the eaves, as if the architect were as averse to fresh air as Noah must have been when he built the ark, and only the upper the face became suddenly grave, she looked the state of the same time informing me that she had five unmarried daughters. After this pretty broad hint of what was expected, of course, I expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of these fair members of the family. Her face became suddenly grave, she looked

and deserted—is given over to stray pigs, sheep and fowls, toads, centipedes, snakes and other wandering abominations. The great bare unventilated rooms of the upper story seem to be more than sufficient for the needs of the family; yet the "guest chamber," to which I was conducted with a figurative flourish of trumpets hed! figurative flourish of trumpets, had all its cor-ners occupied by sundry piles of pack saddles, panniers of dried beef, odoriferous casks of codfish, kits of mackerel and goodness knows what, and was as innocent of any sort of window or and was as innocent of any sort of window or other aperture leading to outside air as of the ordinary toilet articles that most people con-sider indispensable. Windowless sleeping apart-ments are common throughout Brazil, even in ments are common throughout Brazil, even in some of the grandest but older palaces of Rioowing, probably, to the Portuguese idea that night air is unwholesome. As in most country houses, the partitions at Batalha are carried only about half way to the roof, so that the rooms without windows receive a modicum of hight and air.

light and air from the general supply of the house, so to speak, and whatever may be going on in one apartment is distinctly audible in all

SLEEPING IN HAMMOCKS. We arrived so late in the evening that there was time for nothing but enthusiastic greetings before being shown to bed, or rather to hammock, for in this hot country bug-harboring mock, for in this hot country bug-harboring couches and mattresses are not much in favor. Too much cannot be said in favor of the hammock in such a climate as this, being not only cooler and safer, but a much more tidy article of furniture than a bed, for these can be washed as easily as a sheet. The commoner varieties of snow white cotton, woven at home and quite durable, cost \$5 or \$6: others are striped or plaided with blue or red, with deep borders of crochet work, and sell from \$10 to \$20; and there are others, large, square, home woven of strong linen, with a half-yard-wide border of hand-made lace, which are cheap at \$50. They hand-made lace, which are cheap at \$50. They last a lifetime and no bed covering is necessary, for one may wrap himself in the surplus width and utilize the lace for a mosquito netting. Speaking of the words boa noite (good night), I should add that they do not always signify the time for retiring. It is the quaint custom in most well-disciplined Brazilian families for all its